# Sitting Across From You

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# Sitting Across From You

by doshu

Summary

*You’re still heartbroken, you’re still horny as fuck, you’re still a coward.*

Notes

Thank you to my beta for looking this over, and to the mods for putting together this fest!

This was inspired by Catullus 51, and the title is (translated) from the first verse of that poem.

See the end of the work for more notes

# Scorpius

You're pretty sure you've always been in love with him.

Even at eleven, when your father gave that strange nod of acknowledgement to *Harry Potter* on the platform at King's Cross and you saw him there, asking just loudly enough to be heard whether being sorted into Slytherin would be the end of the world.

In the Great Hall, when the Sorting Hat slipped over his green eyes, when his face was screwed up in some sort of mental deliberation for long minutes, before the inevitable *'Slytherin!'* rang out loud and clear.

In the dormitory later that evening, with his chin jutting out and his expression mulish when he told all the boys that he was tired of hearing questions about his dad, that *he* was the one sharing a Hogwarts House with everyone, that he wanted to get to know us and not our fathers and hoped he could get the same courtesy in return.

It's obvious that he comes from a family of Gryffindors, but he's demonstrated time and time again over the years that he's as determined and ruthless as any Slytherin.

You try not to pine. It was hard in school, when he'd come back from a date in Hogsmeade with a flush to his cheeks and a brightness to his eyes. You've dated around too, anything to attempt to distract yourself from the torment you face every day. You've even tried to test the waters, as it were—and were so firmly relegated to the 'best friend' category each time that you don't bother anymore.

But it's still painful to catch sight of his messy hair through the window of the Three Broomsticks when you pop up to Hogsmeade for a quick stop at the apothecary when Mulpepper's in London is out of Invigorating Draught, and see that he's clearly on a date.

Well, he did say that he would be busy today. Still, to find out that this is why Al rescheduled your usual Thursday plans . . . hurts.

You find yourself loitering in the street, fiddling with the buttons of your cloak while standing out of the way of the foot traffic. Inside the pub, Al is laughing, his smile broad and his eyes dancing. He's obviously enraptured by whoever he's with.

You shouldn't look. It will only keep you up at night if you know.

But you can't help yourself. You take a few steps down the road until you can make out the other figure through the window, and find yourself frozen in place.

He's a vision.

His hair is turquoise, so vivid that at first you think it might be a hat. His face is heart-shaped, his cheeks slightly shaded with pale stubble and his eyes crinkled in laughter. He's speaking animatedly, and while Al might be immersed in whatever thrilling tale is being recounted,

you find yourself enthralled, your mouth watering as you take in the broadness of his shoulders, the sturdy strength of his forearms that are on display past his rolled-up sleeves. He's wearing Muggle clothing, like Al often does, and the thinness of the fabric makes it evident that his muscle tone extends beyond what's visible, in the way that it's pulled tight across his chest.

Even if you were inside the pub, you wouldn't be able to hear what is being said at their table. Your ears are ringing. Under your skin, your veins are alight with the flames of desire.

While your love for your best friend is a steady thing, a fire in your heart that will never sputter, never die, this is the first time that you've felt quite like this.

You continue to stand outside for what must be several minutes, trapped there even longer when the man lifts his pint and drinks deeply, when you find yourself unable to look away from the long lines of his throat as he swallows, again, and again. You watch as he licks away the foam from his upper lip, and continue to look at the way that his lip glistens long after.

When Al stands and makes his way past the bar, walking in the direction of the loos, you continue to linger. You know that you should leave, that you shouldn't wait to see if the man follows, but you've never done what's best for your heart.

Instead of following, the man takes another drink. And, as you find yourself biting your lip at the pang of want that lances through you, he glances out the window and catches you watching him.

Time stops. Your heart's racing so fast that you're starting to feel faint. You get the silly urge to run, the same one that you used to feel at Hogwarts whenever you heard Mrs Norris's wails after curfew.

But you're still frozen, and you don't know how this could possibly get any worse, and then he *waves*.

Time begins again.

You Disapparate.

You're still heartbroken, you're still horny as fuck, you're still a coward.

# Teddy

It's strange, being in Britain.

You've been back for the odd birthday party every few months, and of course you spent a week here for Victoire's wedding, but this is new. There isn't a return Portkey to Romania waiting for you. You're *here* now, truly, with only a vague plan involving the new dragon reserve in the Hebrides in your future.

It continues to be surprising just how much everyone's grown up. Sure, you've been there to see it happen, everyone a few inches taller with every visit, but when you spend most of your year away and only really exchange regular letters with Harry and your grandmother, it's easy to remember them all as children.

You can't help but notice that Albus has certainly grown up *well*.

Then again, you always knew that he would. How could he not, when he looks just like Harry.

Al was always the most . . . reserved of the Potters when you'd visit. James was all smiles and energy, and once he reached his teens he added a loud sort of cockiness to the mix. Lily was feisty and bold, and never encountered an argument that she wasn't determined to win. Al was quiet, but he would watch, and listen, and remember *everything*.

You're a little surprised that Al is the first of the clan to reach out to make plans. But once he arrives at the Three Broomsticks and downs half his first pint before he's even had a chance to slip off his jacket, it all becomes clear. He feels trapped, he says. He needs to get away, and wants to pick your brain—because *you* left.

It's a little heartbreaking to see how desperately he needs an escape from what's haunting him. But you have stories to tell, and advice to share, and he seems to genuinely appreciate it.

You catch sight of a fit blond man checking you out from across the street when Al steps away to the loo, and of course it has you momentarily preening, but you push it to the back of your mind once you're no longer alone at the table. Because the last thing you want is to be distracted and say the wrong thing that encourages Albus to make a rash decision—not that he's known for those, necessarily, but still. You made your own mistakes while adventuring your way across the Continent; you don't need him to make the same ones.

But the occurrence doesn't leave your thoughts entirely, because a week later you run into that blond man when you're out getting some pricing estimates for supplies that the Hebrides reserve wants you to source.

It happens at the Magical Menagerie. You're looking at the list you've got jotted out on a scrap of parchment and walk right into him as he's turning into the aisle, managing to tip whatever he's carrying onto the floor.

“Oh, sorry about that!” You wince as you take in the sight of the vials that are now scattered across the floorboards, thankful at least that they must have been charmed unbreakable. “I should have been paying attention, that’s on me,” you add as you look up and catch sight of his recognisable features, this time staring from a foot away rather than twenty.

“N-not a worry,” the man stammers, then blinks before visibly shaking himself and taking a step back. He waves his wand, summoning the vials into a small rack that he’s holding, which he then slides onto a shelf. “Can I help you?”

You take the opportunity to look him over in those scant moments that he’s fussing with the vials. He’s tall, lanky, with a sharpness to his features. But beyond his thin nose, his narrow jaw, and his high cheekbones, there’s a softness to his eyes, and a hesitancy in his stature that has you intrigued. For whatever reason, he doesn’t carry himself like the good-looking bloke that he is, and that makes you consider him for longer than that brief instant.

Sure, you weren’t exactly planning on hooking up here before fucking off to St Kilda, but given the opportunity. . . .

You glance back down at your list, before following him toward the register. You definitely take advantage of the view along the way and note just how *round* his arse looks in his trousers.

You bet a good smack would make it jiggle *beautifully*.

“I’m here for voles, if you’re in a position to sell wholesale. If not, then I wouldn’t mind the name of your supplier so that I can talk to them directly.”

He blinks several times. “Voles,” he repeats. It doesn’t quite sound like a question, but you nod anyhow.

“That’s right. I need to be able to feed dragon yearlings, and I’d rather not lose a limb to the effort,” you explain in a casual tone as you lean forward onto the counter.

His throat works as he swallows. “Dragons?” Then he scowls. “We won’t have anything to do with illegal breeding,” he says, his tone now stern. “I’m not sure what you’ve heard, but I’m not—”

“Nothing like that,” you hurry to say, cutting him off. Then you flash a smile, and his eyes widen in response. “I’m helping set up the new reserve in Scotland. We’re still in the preliminary stages right now, but we plan to be operational by the end of next summer as long as we don’t run into any snags.”

“Right.” His Adam's apple bobs, and when your eyes travel back up from watching it you can see pink blooming high on his cheeks.

Oh, yeah, you definitely can’t resist this.

He clears his throat. “Well, I only work here so I can’t say for certain, but I’ll leave a message with the owner and she’ll be in touch within the week with a response either way. Sorry I

can't be of any help."

"Well. . . ." You trail off as you fold the parchment with the list on it, and watch as his eyes flick down to follow the movement. "There was something else you could help me with, actually."

He looks back up. "Yes?"

"I find myself without dinner plans tonight, and hope that you might be in a similar predicament. Because then I'd ask you to have dinner with me."

His face falls, and your first instinct is that you've misread him somehow. But strangely, he asks, "You aren't . . . seeing anyone?"

And isn't *that* flattering. You can't help but chuckle, and you can see some of the tension releasing from his shoulders. "No, I'm afraid not. That's not a deal-breaker for you, is it?" you tease.

His lips press together for a moment, then he offers a small smile. It transforms him, opening up his expression and now the rosiness in his cheeks is as apparent as it was a week ago in Hogsmeade.

You just want to *eat him up*.

"Yes, I'll have dinner with you. I don't even know your name—but yes."

You huff, mentally rolling your eyes at yourself. "Right, I'm terrible. My name's Teddy."

His smile widens a little, and he has an honest-to-god *dimple*. "Scorpius."

"Well, Scorpius, I only just moved back to the country a few weeks ago and am shamefully behind the times when it comes to the best places to eat, so this—" you tear off the blank bit of parchment from the bottom of your list and scrawl out your Floo address with the quill that's next to the register "—is me. The shop closes at six, right? How about you give me a ring at seven, and by then I'll have the place picked out?"

He takes the scrap of parchment and reads the words over before tucking it away in a pocket. "Seven tonight, that's perfect." Then he wets his lips, a nervous gesture that you can't help but follow with your gaze, and says, "It's a date."

As you step out of the shop, you muse that there's something the faintest bit familiar about the name. But when you can't place it, and since you're absolutely certain that you've never met him before, you dismiss the thought entirely.

Then you ignore the rest of your errands that you'd planned for today, since you need to reacquaint yourself with the UK's food scene and somehow get a table booked within the next three hours.

And also clean Grimmauld Place, since other than your bedroom and bathroom, and the kitchen, it hasn't been touched in years.

And, well, you should swing by the shops for some lube since you know that you're almost out and you also know that you definitely don't want something daft like that to ruin the night.

It's good to be back in Britain.

# Albus

Meeting up with Teddy helps.

If you're honest with yourself, it doesn't help as much as you'd hoped.

You don't actually want to leave, is the problem. Teddy did; he needed to escape the pressures to *'marry into the family,'* to be a brave hero like his parents, to make his life choices based on everyone except himself. If you're being honest, him having the bollocks to leave and do what he bloody well felt like doing is a big part of the reason you've always fancied him a little.

But you're not running from that. You're running from yourself.

You mull over Teddy's words of caution for over a week. And when they cease to mean anything, when you've already packed half your clothes into a trunk without even really being aware of it, you know that you need more help.

Teddy doesn't answer your Floo call, and it's late, but he said that he's there to help anytime so you Apparate to Grimmauld Place, prepared to find the place empty as a worst case scenario.

Instead you open the front door only to see him pressing a very familiar blond man against the wall just inside the entrance, a hand slid into the back of his trousers. Their swollen lips are pulling apart, a strand of glistening saliva continuing to connect them for a lingering moment as twin pairs of grey eyes and flushed cheeks turn your way.

You forget how to breathe. Everything becomes too hot. Your vision begins closing in.

"No—" you hear Scorpius say, sounding like the word has been punched out of him. "Al—*shit*—"

"Al?" Teddy says, his voice hoarse but his tone one of concern. A tone that means he didn't know, that he doesn't understand—at least not yet. "Is something wrong? Are you okay?"

You manage to close your eyes. You can already feel a mortifying heat building behind them, that can't be helped.

You also manage to suck in a breath. It shakes all the way in, and catches somewhere in your throat when you go to release it.

"Sorry," you whisper as you try to pull the door shut, but it won't budge.

You can hear movement in the front hall. Before you can release the doorknob and step back, someone grabs your wrist and tugs you inside. You can tell from the size of the hand that it's Teddy's.

Then you hear the door shut behind you, and there's an awful finality to the sound.

"Hey. Breathe, Al. Tell me what happened."

"I should go," Scorpius says quietly.

You shake your head. "No. I shouldn't have come here unannounced." You can feel Teddy's other palm between your shoulder blades, pressing a soothing sort of warmth into you and helping you to try to *breathe*. "I won't ruin your night. I'm sorry."

Teddy's near enough that you feel his sigh, then he's speaking to Scorpius. "Sorry, Scorpius. I had a lovely time tonight, but this seems serious. Maybe we can pick things up another time? Tomorrow?"

You can't help the choking sound that your throat makes. "Fuck," you gasp.

"Look, if you two are seeing each other. . . ." Scorpius's voice trails off with uncertainty.

You manage to wrench your eyes open, and catch your friend's eyes widening—probably at just how wet and red yours must be right now. Teddy is looking between the two of you, and you can see the dawning comprehension in the way that his eyebrows are rising and his jaw is going slack.

And you can't help but laugh at the situation. It makes you sound absolutely pathetic.

"I don't suppose you both fully introduced yourselves, then?" you say, trying to inject some amount of confidence into your tone. "Scorpius, this is Teddy Lupin. You know, Dad's godson?" Your friend frowns and nods, then winces as something clearly occurs to him.

Then you turn toward Teddy. "And that's Scorpius Malfoy. My best friend. The one I told you about."

Teddy looks stunned.

"Your cousin," you can't help but add bitterly, and there's absolutely something nasty in your tone.

"Second cousin," Scorpius corrects under his breath.

But Teddy doesn't even seem to hear him. He's still staring at you, clearly recalling every single thing you blurted out to him at the Three Broomsticks just last week, remembering that *this* is why you need to leave, because you can't keep seeing Scorpius with anyone else.

"Fuck, Al—I'm sorry, if I'd known—"

You shake your head and he falls silent. You glance between the two of them.

They both seem truly miserable. That makes you feel even worse.

“Look,” you begin in a warbling tone, “I’m going to go. I need to—to not be here right now. I can’t—”

Your voice breaks and you look away, swallowing convulsively. The heat is returning to your eyes now and the last thing you need is to start crying.

“Don’t leave because of this, Al,” Teddy says quietly. “At least wait until we can have a chance to talk.”

You huff a wet laugh. “I’m not going to run off in the middle of the night. I’ll stick around long enough to give notice at work, at least.”

“Wait,” Scorpius says sharply. “What do you mean, run off?”

You shake your head again, almost desperately, your lips pinched tightly together. It can’t end—not like this. You want this all to just *un*happen.

“What’s going on, Al?” Scorpius presses. “What aren’t you telling me?”

“That I can’t take this anymore!” you finally blurt out. Your cheeks are burning, and your eyes are on *fire*. The tears begin to spill as you look back toward him. “I can’t keep seeing you nearly every day, just waiting for you to fall in love, knowing that it won’t be with me! Except at the same time I *want* you to, because I know that you’re lonely, and I want you to be happy! I feel *trapped!* I can’t get away from you, and it’s driving me mad!”

There’s suddenly a deafening silence in the house. Even the portraits must be still.

“No.” Scorpius’s eyes are the widest that you’ve ever seen. “You can’t mean that.”

“I wish I didn’t.” You laugh hollowly, then sniff as you sweep a hand roughly across your cheeks. “Years of trying to tell myself you were just an infatuation, that I’d get over you. Trying to see other people. Trying to forget how much it hurt when your dad would ask things like if there would be Potters joining the family, and you telling him *emphatically* that it would *never* happen.”

Scorpius is openly gaping.

“Al,” Teddy says gently, “I don’t think—”

“Are you saying,” Scorpius begins slowly, interrupting him, “that you’ve been breaking both our hearts all this time because of something my father said when we were *fourteen,* when he thought that I might be interested in your *sister?”*

The front hall is no longer silent. Instead you hear a roaring in your ears, and your heart is hammering somewhere in your throat.

“No wonder Father warned me about Potters,” Scorpius continues, his tone scathing. “You’re all blind, self-destructive *idiots—”*

And you don't find out what else Mr Malfoy has to say about your family because you're taking the three steps over to Scorpius and shutting him up with your lips.

He kisses you back immediately, *desperately,* his hands clinging to your jacket while he groans into your mouth.

You feel like you're spinning, all the nerves in your body sparking. You're completely aware of every point of your skin that's in contact with him, every inch of your legs that are pressed against his, the tension in his abdomen as your torso leans into his, the way that his breath hitches when you deepen the kiss and take everything you've longed for in this embrace.

You know that this is it. You know that there's no coming back from this, not when you can make Scorpius come undone so swiftly with a kiss.

Not when he has the same effect on you.

You don't have any way of knowing how much time passes before you finally break apart and struggle to catch your breath. You note as you do so that at some point, while you've both been absorbed in each other, Teddy has slipped away. You strain your hearing past the sounds of your ragged breaths and can just make out a distant clinking coming from downstairs.

Then you huff a quiet snort and rest your forehead on Scorpius's shoulder as you realise that Teddy's in the kitchen, probably having a good laugh over how stupid you two have been all this time.

You're still feeling a little delirious when you hear Scorpius murmur, "Should we go somewhere? Mine? Yours?"

You bite your lip, recalling that he was on a date when all of this happened, and lift your head to meet his gaze.

"You didn't know." You frown when you hear how vague your words sound, and go on to clarify. "You weren't. . . . You were having a good time with Teddy?"

Scorpius's fingers tighten around your lapels, then finally release them to slide lower and settle at your hips. Two of his fingers are tapping a nervous rhythm against your side. "I won't lie and say I don't find him completely gorgeous, and charming, and sweet," he admits lowly. "But I'm in love with you. I want *you."*

"Because if you want to finish your date. . . ." You trail off, not even sure where the words are coming from. But now that there isn't that weight dragging your heart through the soles of your feet, now that the air between you has been cleared and it instead crackles with desire and so much *love,* you can't help but recall what the two of them had looked like in that brief instant, utterly *consuming* each other.

"Are you saying that you want me to shag Teddy?"

“I’m saying. . . .” You’re not sure what you’re saying. “Do you want to? Because I understand if you do. I—” You hesitate, and are very aware of your erratic heartbeat. “I can see the appeal. And I don’t want you to regret anything? I know my timing bloody sucked.”

Scorpius just stands there for what must be over a minute. You can’t tell what he’s thinking, so much so that you’re beginning to itch with that sense that you’ve misjudged—that what you’ve offered, or asked, is a mistake.

Then his lips twitch into a sly smile. “Your timing was perfect; it finally got us here. And if you want me to fuck Teddy, and you don’t want there to be any regrets, and you *‘see the appeal,’* as you’ve phrased it, then you’re joining in as well.”

You’re speechless, trying to process *that,* as he snags your hand and leads the way down to the kitchen, where you both find Teddy leaning back against the worktop nursing a steaming mug of what smells like coffee. Then you find yourself spluttering when Scorpius, apparently feeling much more himself, says, “Al here has something to say to you, Teddy.”

You shoot him a glare, and he just smirks. *Clearly* feeling better.

So you smirk right back and turn to face Teddy. “Scorpius wants to fuck you.”

Fingers tighten painfully around yours, and Teddy chokes on his mouthful of coffee.

Scorpius leans in next to you and breathes, “You *bitch*,” directly into your ear while Teddy struggles to catch his breath.

“Come again?” he finally wheezes once he’s no longer coughing liquid out of his lungs.

“And again, and again, ideally,” Scorpius drawls. “And Al would like to join us, if you’re amenable.”

Teddy looks at you, and you can feel your face *burning*—and for the first time of the night, it’s not from mortification, or anything else that’s negative, but instead from a confusing tangle of desire.

“Both of you?” Teddy asks. “Are you sure? Because—fuck, I thought you’d both be Apparating out of here the second you were all over each other. Or at least disappearing upstairs to one of the spare bedrooms.”

“I mean, you don’t have to—”

“Bloody hell, *yes*,” Teddy interrupts, blindly setting his mug down behind him before striding forward.

He stops when he’s standing immediately in front of you both, and takes a moment to look between you. Then he focuses on Scorpius, taking his face in his hands and pressing a deep kiss to his lips that you can’t look away from. The hand that you’re still holding is squeezing yours tightly enough that your joints are creaking, and you feel like you’ve been running with how short of breath you are.

You wait for the plummeting, twisting, writhing sensation of jealousy, but it never comes.

And then there's a warm palm on your cheek, then the other, and your vision sinks into darkness as your eyes slip shut of their own accord. There's a warm mouth over your own, the scrape of stubble across your chin as Teddy sucks one of your lips between his, gentle at first but soon his tongue is sliding alongside yours, drawing whimpering moans from you, and it's your turn to hold onto Scorpius's hand for dear life.

Teddy pulls away without you really noticing until you realise that you're gasping for air, and your eyes fly open to see Scorpius staring at you with a dazed expression.

"You both want this?" Teddy asks, his voice rough and a flush visible on his neck.

You can see the '*yes'* in Scorpius's eyes. You can see the question, the promise, the assurance that you can both enjoy this for what it is, without compromising what you mean to each other.

You nod, and exhale unsteadily. "We do."

The three of you eventually make it upstairs to Teddy's bedroom on the fourth floor. It feels like the longest journey of your life, every nerve in your body buzzing, your heart trying to lurch its way out of your chest with each glance, each brush of hands, each pause on every landing for a quick snog against the bannister.

You're harder than you've ever been by the time you reach the first floor, and even harder still by the second. On the third, you and Teddy have Scorpius pinned against the wall, you tasting your way along his neck and slowly unbuttoning his shirt while Teddy captures his mouth again and grinds his thigh against Scorpius's straining cock.

When you arrive on the fourth floor, it's your turn to be trapped, your back pressed hard against Teddy's bedroom door while Scorpius's slender fingers slide up under your jumper. They thread their way through the hair on your chest until a thumb finds one of your nipples, Scorpius's mouth swallowing your gasps as he begins to pinch it, flick it, while Teddy unzips your flies.

Once you manage to find and turn the doorknob and stumble backward through the doorway, you kick off the shoes and rip off the jacket that you never ended up removing in the shock of your arrival. You aren't prepared when your legs hit the edge of the bed and you fall back on it, and your hands shake as you pull your jumper over your head and let it drop to the floor.

Scorpius's eyes are bright as he looks down at you, and you find yourself captivated by the sight of Teddy stepping in close behind him, pressing a kiss to the back of his neck while strong hands splay across the pale skin of his chest, then draw his open shirt off his shoulders and down his arms.

Then he proceeds to slowly peel away every other article of clothing from Scorpius, his eyes fixed on you while his hands continue to caress every inch of newly-exposed skin. As if it's a show, as if Scorpius's body is being put on display.

For you.

Your hand is wrapping around your cock before you even consciously mean to touch yourself. And you are *achingly* hard.

Scorpius has his eyes on where your hand is moving, his bottom lip caught between his teeth. As Teddy lifts one of his legs to slide his foot out of his trouser leg, he releases his lip and says hoarsely, “Show me.”

It takes you a moment to register the words, then another several to wrap your head around them. But then you catch on, and slip off your own trousers and pants, and your socks too, while Teddy lifts Scorpius’s other foot, pressing kisses along the back of his calf as the last of his clothing joins the growing pile on the floor.

And you resume stroking yourself, dizzy with arousal.

Somehow Scorpius has the restraint to not be touching himself. Instead he simply stands there, watching you with that hungry expression while time itself seems to hold its breath.

Then he takes two steps forward and falls to his knees, pulling your hand away and replacing it with his mouth.

“Teddy—” you gasp, as your fingers wind into Scorpius’s blond hair. He’s sucking at the tip of your cock like it’s a fucking lollipop and he’s not taking you any deeper, at least not yet. “Get naked—and get here,” you manage to add.

Teddy also appears to have retained much more brain function than you currently possess since he draws his wand and removes all of his clothing with a spell, then swishes his wand in a fluid series of movements, casting an array of spells over the three of you. They’re all swift and silent, clearly well-practised—likely due to the wilder part of his time on the Continent, when he was unattached, not yet working at the reserve in Romania, with his own infatuation to *‘fuck out of his system,’* as he’d phrased it when you spoke with him last week.

Scorpius moans and finally takes more of your cock in his mouth, sliding his lips down as far as they will go. It’s hot, and wet, and more than welcome. And when your fingers tighten in his hair he moans again, even louder, before setting a slow pace, sucking you down.

His eyes are half-lidded in pleasure as he looks up at you. You’re hardly breathing as you tighten your grip again, tugging his hair enough that it must be at least a little painful, and his eyes slip closed with a groan that you feel reverberate around your cock.

“Fuck,” you exhale heavily, already feeling your climax building, not sure how you can possibly last longer than another thirty seconds. Then Teddy’s climbing onto the bed next to you, gently slipping off your glasses and setting them onto the bedside table. With them safely out of the way he presses you down onto your back, prying your other hand from the blankets and guiding it to his thick cock while he captures your mouth in a demanding kiss.

And now you’re hurtling toward an orgasm that you can’t possibly delay, as Teddy sucks on your tongue and Scorpius swallows around your cock. It soon becomes too difficult to even

differentiate the touch of Teddy's calloused fingers and Scorpius's softer ones; it's just a trail of contact exploring your chest, stroking your inner thighs, adding to the overwhelming *everything*.

Your mind is spinning, *reeling*, awash with sensation and desire and desperation, and thoughtless pleas spill from your mouth when Teddy shifts to pepper a trail of stinging bites across your neck.

"I'm almost—*please*—I'm nearly—"

Right as you feel yourself begin to tip over the edge there's a sharp tug on your bollocks, one that has you gasping so hard you choke as your orgasm abruptly recedes. Your eyes fly open in time to see Scorpius releasing your erection and standing, his cock jutting toward you, the tip glistening with precome, shining the same way that Scorpius's swollen lips are right now.

"What the fuck, Scorpius."

He smirks, and Teddy sucks particularly hard at a spot he's found under your ear and for an instant, your eyelids flutter shut at the heat that radiates from it.

"Can't have you finishing too soon," Scorpius drawls, before stepping to the side and running a hand over Teddy's flank. "Besides, you've been neglecting Teddy."

You know he's right. Your hand hasn't stopped stroking him, but it's been impossible to give the act the true attention it deserves.

So you focus, letting your thumb tease his frenulum, alternating the pressure and rhythm of your movements until Teddy begins rocking into your fist, until the man's breaths into your neck become unsteady.

Scorpius watches you, his eyes once again not leaving yours, looking absolutely ravenous while he continues to pet Teddy's arse.

Then he leans over, presses a line of languorous kisses along Teddy's spine until you can't see him past Teddy's broad shoulders, and does something that makes Teddy actually *whine*.

"Bloody hell," Teddy exhales heavily. "Al—budge up. Fuck."

The two of you shift on the bed until you're lying diagonally across it, and in that pause you catch a glimpse of Scorpius with both palms on Teddy's arse cheeks, his face buried in the cleft between them.

And then you're once again on your back, except now Teddy's directly above you, his legs to either side of your hips, your erections hot and heavy next to each other, and he's kissing you desperately while the sounds of Scorpius rimming him fill the air.

A part of you wonders how you're lucky enough to have all of this, even if it's only for a night.

Some time later, when you're once again a tightly-wound mess of arousal and need, you make out the sound of a drawer opening, then a cap being unscrewed and set down on the bedside table. Then you can hear the wet sound of Scorpius rubbing his hands together, clearly now coated in lube, and feel the way that Teddy's breath hitches not long after as he is breached.

Watching Teddy gradually falling apart, the shifting of muscles playing across his face as he's stretched open—the sight is uniquely enthralling.

It makes the wait bearable.

Then, finally there's Scorpius's voice, for the first time in what feels like an eternity, asking, "Will you be able to take both of us?"

You're not sure what you might have imagined had there been more time to actually prepare for this, but never in a million years would you have expected *that*.

Teddy looks at you, his face flushed, his eyes nearly black, then twists his head toward Scorpius. "Yeah," he replies, his voice hardly more than a rasp. "I'll start with Al. Go slow—I want to try without using my Metamorphmagus abilities."

Scorpius leans in and catches his lips, the contact messy, their tangling tongues visible from your angle, and your cock twitches at the sight the two of them make. A lubed-up hand winds between you and Teddy and slides over your erection, getting it nice and slick, and then slips away again before you even have a chance to arch into the touch.

Scorpius pulls back, breathing hard. He looks down at you from his position past Teddy's shoulder, his eyes burning into yours, the fierceness of the love that you can see in them making your heart swell so much it *hurts*.

"Go on, then," he says, his tone at once goading and soft.

The next minutes feel like mere moments, and before long Teddy is riding you, *achingly* slowly, the pace agonising in the best way. His face is scrunched up in pleasure, but you're distracted from the sight of it by a slick hand parting your thighs, and caressing your bollocks.

Then there's a finger on your cock, teasing Teddy's rim each time he sinks down around you, teasing *you* as well, gradually working itself in alongside you.

Teddy is trembling above you. When a second finger is added, he lets out a long whine, his eyes clenched shut and his head thrown back.

It takes all your focus to not come at the sound, the sight, the *feel* of his desperation. Everything is already so impossibly tight.

"It's okay," you say, your hands finally releasing the death grip they've been maintaining on the blankets and rubbing soothingly up and down Teddy's thighs. "You can still say no. It's up to you."

For a very long second, everything stills. Then Teddy lets out a low grunt, and shakes his matted hair from his sweat-covered forehead. “No, don’t stop,” he says roughly. “Scorpius, I’m ready. I want this so fucking much.”

Your heart is hammering so hard in your chest that it’s hard to breathe, and the way that Teddy bows his head, buries it in your neck, allows you to see Scorpius for the first time in what feels like forever. And your heart swoops as you take in the expression of wonderment on his face when you feel his cock bump up against yours, when you feel the slide of it, when the tight muscle of Teddy’s rim stretches impossibly around you both until the three of you are locked together.

Teddy whimpers something into your neck, and you’re not sure but it sounds like it might be the words, *‘Holy fuck.’*

You slide one of your hands back up his thigh and stroke his flagging erection, while Scorpius finds your other hand and grips it hard.

Then you press a kiss to the side of Teddy’s head and murmur, “Whenever you’re ready, love.”

The endearment slips out of you, born of years spent hearing your dad call him the same. There’s a moment where you’re filled with trepidation but it passes swiftly when above you, Scorpius’s expression is overtaken with fondness, and you feel the press of Teddy’s lips against your collarbone.

Then Teddy begins to move, the tiniest movements of his hips at first, then more as his discomfort wanes and, given the sounds he’s making and the fact that he's fully hard once again, pleasure overtakes him.

And you knew it would be incredible—how could it not be? Two cocks in one arse, with the two most amazing men in your life?

But nothing could have prepared you for this.

While before you simply didn’t want to come before they did, now you never want this to end. You’re suspended in pleasure; the sensation of Scorpius’s erection sliding alongside yours, the heat and tightness of Teddy around you both, the hands that are caressing sweat-covered skin and the mouth that is panting, moaning wantonly against your neck—all sublime. With every shift one of them makes, you can feel it, flowing through the three of you, and you’ve never before felt more connected to another person.

Your orgasm builds quickly, you’re certain, but time seems to stretch as you savour every part of this. You’re not sure whose pleasure crests first, but it’s either you or Scorpius; you’re both filling Teddy with so much come, you can feel it dripping down to your bollocks, rivers of it as you continue to pump your fist over his leaking cock. Then another hand joins yours, and as you meet Scorpius’s gaze again, your heart so full it might burst, you both draw Teddy to the edge and hold him as he plunges past it.

Somewhere in the midst of everything the three of you meet for a messy, disjointed kiss, more panting and gasping and tongue than anything, but it's *perfect*.

The seconds slowly drift past, reality lost somewhere beyond the haze of bone-deep contentment that's filling every ounce of your awareness. Somehow the three of you untangle yourselves from each other and end up side by side, Teddy on his back, you and Scorpius facing him, bracketing him between you both.

And, as your heart rate is still on its gradual descent, as your breath is struggling to steady, you trace the hard planes of muscle on his smooth chest. Meanwhile, Scorpius strokes your side, his silver eyes half-lidded and his countenance one of satiation.

There's a warm, steady palm at the small of your back. A calloused thumb is rubbing a slow circle next to it, and that touch helps keep you here, and not nodding off.

But being awake means that the thoughts, the worries, inevitably surface. Though before they can take over, the hand on your back stills for a moment, then its fingers splay almost possessively.

"Hey," Teddy says, his voice hoarse. You lift your head from where it's been pillowed on his shoulder and you squint at his frown. "I know that look. What's up?"

Your eyes cut away, but then they meet Scorpius's gaze. And he raises an eyebrow.

"He's probably about to say something idiotic," he drawls, and you don't know why you love him if he's going to be such a great bloody git all the time.

You scowl. "No, actually." Then you worry your lip, still unsure how to even begin to articulate your thoughts.

How can you move forward from something like this? Because this was incredible, so won't Scorpius want it again? Do *you* want this again? What about Teddy—this was probably a novelty for him, but then he'd been on a date with Scorpius, so maybe you'll only be in the way, regardless of whatever Scorpius said earlier.

You yelp when Teddy pinches your arse without warning.

"I can feel you thinking too hard," he says pointedly. On his other side, Scorpius snorts inelegantly.

"Well you tell us how this is going to work then, if you don't want me thinking," you retort.

"Sure."

You narrow your eyes; that response came far too readily.

Teddy looks between the two of you and grins.

"You and Scorpius will *communicate,* and figure out what you both want. You're going to sort through all of whatever the two of you have been keeping pent-up for literal *years,* and

you're going to do that with each other. That means no running away, no assuming what the other thinks or wants."

"Thanks, Mum," you mutter under your breath, then glower when Teddy pinches your arse again.

"And," he continues, louder now, "keep in touch. I'll probably be based out of St Kilda by the time you two figure your shit out, so come up and visit. I'll give you a tour of the new reserve. Maybe introduce you to some of the residents, if they're moved in yet."

"He means the dragons," you cut in when Scorpius doesn't look suitably impressed. The other man's eyes widen, and he visibly perks up.

"And we'll see where things are at that point. Maybe I'll be single and interested in making a go of things, if you two are. Maybe you two will be happy to keep this as a one-time thing, or maybe I'll have met someone that we all want to try things with together, I dunno. But that's for the future. For now, you two need to figure you out."

You nod slowly, then look between Teddy and Scorpius. "And you two?"

Scorpius rolls his eyes. "What I said in the front hall earlier stands, Al."

Teddy looks curious, but he replies, "I wasn't exactly making long term plans with Scorpius here when you arrived—no offence."

The other man shrugs, not looking bothered, then his eyes narrow speculatively. "What about you two?"

You can't help but frown; sure, you fancied Teddy when you were younger, and it's sort of always been there, but only in the same way that Bill was always your favourite uncle. It doesn't *mean* anything, surely. Not like . . . *that*.

But before you can put those thoughts into words, Teddy lets out a sigh that you can feel, pressed as you are against him.

"I guess I should *communicate,* to give you two an example of how to do it. Al, yes I find you fit. Obviously. And some of what I did on the Continent was indirectly because of that. But I'm not looking for something serious now, and I'd want to get to know you better than I do now if I'm to be interested in anything more than casual in the future. That goes for both of you. All right?"

Scorpius looks satisfied with that response, but you're distracted by the thought that surfaces. You remember those words Teddy had spoken in Hogsmeade, with that dry tone, when he'd said he'd had an old infatuation to *'fuck out of his system.'* You can't help but wonder at that, at who he might have been trying to get over—you'd have hardly even been twelve at the time, *surely* he didn't—

"We'll figure things out," Scorpius says, determination evident in his tone. "Won't we, Al?"

You pull yourself from your whirling thoughts, and you can't help but smile as you see the love shining in his eyes. Your hand stretches across Teddy's chest and catches his, your fingers lacing together with his on Teddy's sternum, and you let your head rest on a broad shoulder once more.

"We'll figure things out," you promise, the words meant for both of them. The words meant for yourself.

And you will figure things out.

Whatever it takes, whatever misunderstandings you've allowed to build walls between the two of you over the years, you'll overcome them. You'll tear them down, and build something new in their place, something that is purely yours and Scorpius's.

And you'll leave some room, too, for the future.

For Teddy.

End Notes

This work is a part of the HP Next Gen Fest, celebrating all Harry Potter Next Generation characters and pairings. The creators will be revealed on July 15th, 2022. Please check out the event tumblr for more information and be sure to follow along to catch all of the incredible creations we have lined up for this series!

Be sure to leave the creator love if you enjoyed their work! Thank you!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!